Armour

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Armour

by TigerPrawn

Summary

Young Prince Char employs a wounded soldier.

Hannibal Bingo Prompt: Armour (HEU)

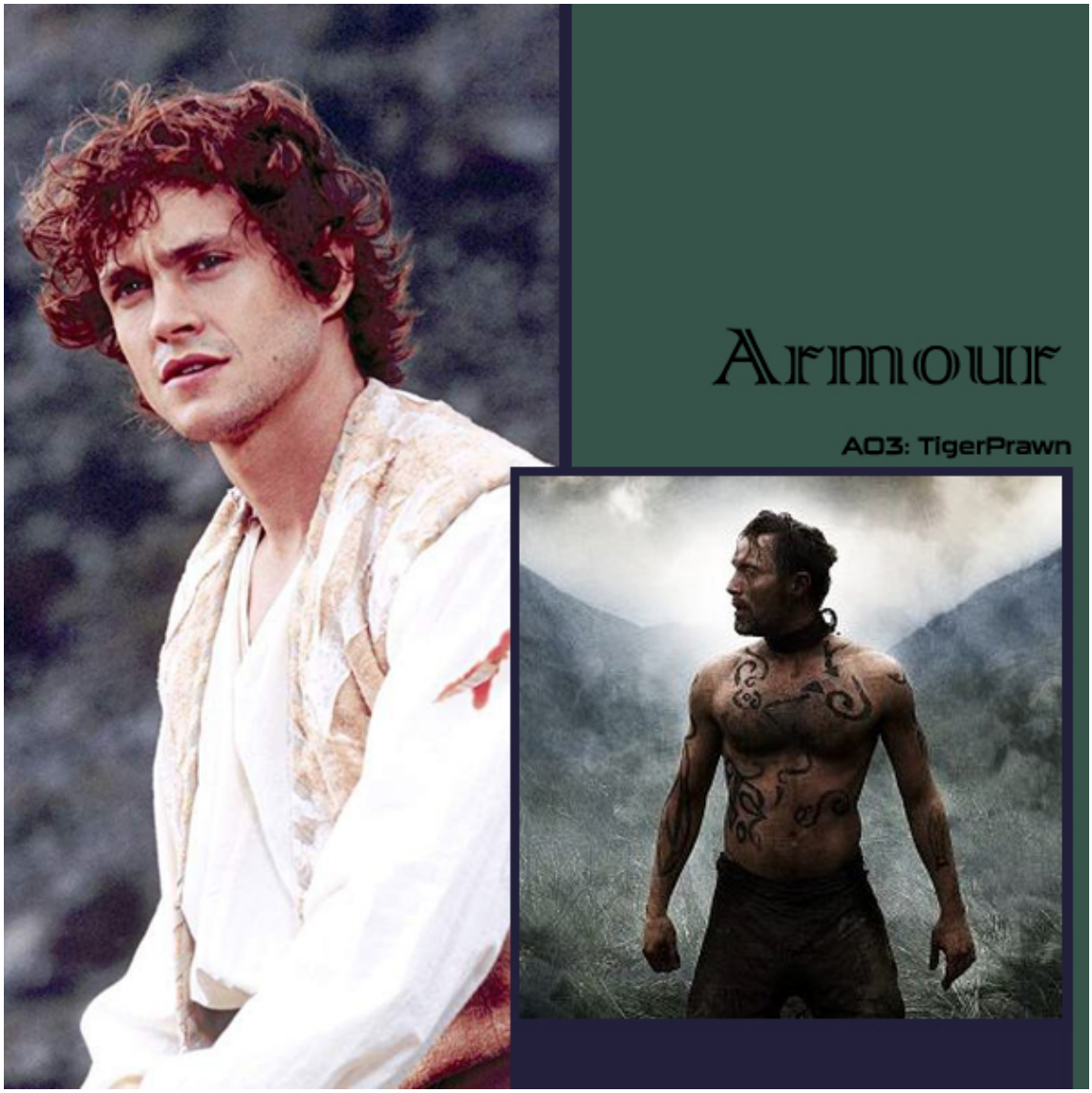
Notes

As I was writing this I found I wanted to set it in a world where people might be naturally trans/multisex (like omegaverse rather than intersex) without being omegaverse. I.e. a place with natural gender variations similar to omegaverse, and completely accepted but without the social-cultural implications of dynamics. So here I have written Char as having a full penis, but in place of where his testes should be, he has a vagina (male futa?? I don't know what to call it, but hopefully you get what I mean).

Latest installment on my @hannibalbingo card: Armour (HEU)

Hannibal Bingo

Lenny (Bleeder)	Teen Parent Will Graham	Lesbian Freddie Lounds	Armor (HEU)
Harem	Over-the-Knee Spanking	Ménage à Trois	Will's Shed
"All I need is to get one hand free"	Renaissance AU	**Free Space**	The Tree Man Tableau
"You're cute for an older guy" (Polar)	"Life didn't seem to be going his way"	A Good Finger-Wagging	Harpy Knife



Safe. The words were scrawled messily in the dirt, One Eye looking at him expectantly as he made a *stay* gesture. Char nodded that he had seen the writing and understood the poorly written word, before his companion gave a curt nod and brushed the dirt over with his foot.

Even so, as the man went about making them a small fire in this dismal cavern, Char found he couldn't relax.

He hadn't expected any of this. When he had first grown to suspect his uncle was plotting for the throne, Char had hired himself a bodyguard as simply a matter of precaution. He had never dreamed that the bodyguard would have to spirit him away from the castle, and the royal guards under his uncle's command. He had expected the men that had been loyal to his father, to show him the same loyalty. But his uncle had a way of twisting words and poisoning minds. And so, he didn't really blame them.

As for his bodyguard - if such a term could describe such a man as One Eye - the man was stoic and reliable. Char wasn't ignorant of the fact that his loyalty was bought not earned, that he was little more than a slave trying to escape the life he had found himself in. And on days like today, Char could relate.

He had found the strong, silent man via unscrupulous methods. With no one loyal to him, Char had to rely on his money to buy what he needed, and that had led him to the blackmarket trade in people. Not slaves, they tried to claim - slavery was long illegal in Lamia - instead these were people imported to the kingdom expected to pay off their passage as indentured servants. It was crass and awful, something Char swore to himself he would put an end to as soon as he took the throne. But until then he needed protection, and there was the man they called One Eye, for an all too obvious reason. His seller had assured Char that the healed but evident injuries the man had received were not at his hand, and claimed them to be the markings made on, surely, a once great soldier whose name had been lost and was now simply One Eye.

At first, Char had just expected One Eye to watch over him as he slept, and be at his side during the day. To protect him from any harm his uncle might try to enact. But that action had come swiftly and strongly. After only a few days together, One Eye found himself fending off a night time attack of armed guards.

It was the snakes that woke Char, slithering in his bedsheets, an open window banging in the wind, but he had soon tuned into the noise outside his door. There, the guards that had been sent to finish him off - or perhaps discover his snake-bitten body - were being brought down by his servant. His saviour.

Char had barely dressed whilst One Eye beheaded the snakes, and taken up a small bag he had already packed. Then One Eye had ushered him into the dungeons of the castle, and out the same way that the waste water left.

That had been over a week ago and they were still running. Char was unsure where, but it was clear that One Eye had a plan and knew very well where he was and where he was going.

And Char had to trust him.

Char *did* trust him.

Not because he had saved his life, not only because of that. But because of these days together. He had been recommended to Char for his strength, his wildness. But it was very clear that despite being a mute with only one eye, One Eye was one of the most capable people Char had ever met. And something about that drew Char to him.

Each evening they sat around a fire and Char was encouraged to tell stories. Of his childhood, of the kingdom, fairy tales and myths. All as One Eye made motions with his hands for Char to continue. Three nights ago Char had chuckled at the demand for more, and One Eye had scratched into the soft ground with a sharp stick - *voice beautiful.* It was misspelt but the intent was clear.

Char wasn't sure which of them blushed the most as One Eye swept the words away with his foot.

Tonight, he couldn't talk, couldn't tell stories. He was drained, physically and emotionally. Tonight they had found a small town and a drunkard had recognised him, likely from one of the "Wanted" posters his uncle had spread over the kingdom. He had tried to manhandle Char into the tavern, no doubt to seek accomplices in turning him in, but One Eye had stopped him. Drunk as he was, the man had still put up a fight. He had armed himself with a cracked cobblestone and struck One Eye's armour until it rang with the sound of it. It was only when he tired that One Eye was able to slip a blade silently into the man and lower him to the ground.

Char had run then. He hadn't stopped until One Eye had caught up to him, taken hold of him. He'd never seen anyone killed before, not like that. Only soldiers whose duty it was and who knew the possibility of such a fate. He knew that this was the only way to keep him safe, that the man would have killed both he and One Eye given the chance, one way or the other. All the same, he wanted to be repulsed by One Eye, who had killed so very easily even if in his name.

But he wasn't.

He was silent once One Eye released him and they started on again in the dark, until they had finally come to this cavern.

Silent still as One Eye made them a fire, and then turned his back to Char to begin removing his plated armour.

He had done so a few times, Char's blood running hot as he tried not to watch. But tonight he couldn't watch. He couldn't let himself desire this man. Could he?

It was the quick draw of breath that made Char turn to look at One Eye, his back still to the prince. When he had removed his armour before, he had laid out the metal and left on the leather and cloth beneath, but now as Char looked at him, he could see he had taken off his arms and armoured breastplate and backplate, and removed the clothing underneath. Stripped to the waist.

The reason for the gasp became clear as he saw the wound on his side that One Eye was running his fingers over. An angry bruise around grazed skin. Unknowing or uncaring of Char watching him, One Eye's hands moved back to the armour he had set on an outcropping of rock, feeling over it until he found what had done the damage. Char could see it too - part of the backplate had been dented and buckled by the blows until it had given way and pressed itself into One Eye's skin. Without the cloth and leather it had punctured, it would have been much worse.

Whilst that wound had drawn his eye, as his sight adjusted to the flickering campfire light, he realised it was not the only one. One Eye's back was a criss-cross of healed scars, and around his neck another where his skin had been rubbed raw by a collar. And amongst all that, there were the most beautiful markings Char had ever seen. Tattoos that circled and flowed.

Char hadn't realised he had even moved forward until he rested his hand on the tattooed hand print on One Eye's right shoulder blade.

And that caused another intake of breath. One Eye turned quickly, snatching Char's hand in midair and holding it there as though his touch had burned him.

Char wanted to apologise, but instead when he opened his mouth his words were, "You're beautiful."

This man had killed. For him. It might be distasteful, but that was always going to be the way of things. Wars were fought over kingdoms, people died for king and country, and now he could never have the complacency of thinking those things happened far off and needn't bother him. This man was loyal to him, and from the first time he'd seen One Eye blush, he'd felt that it wasn't just for the money.

At any point, this man might have left him, killed him even. He could have made a quicker and less visible escape from this kingdom without taking Char with him, he could have turned Char in for

the reward. And yet he had done none of those things. He had continued to keep Char safe when he could have simply looked only to himself.

The realisation made Char surge forward, pressing towards One Eye until his mouth met dry lips.

One Eye stilled, so rigid he might as well have been dead. His grasp on Char's wrist tightened for a moment but then released as they stood staring at each other. It was Char who broke first, turning away to give One Eye back his space, but as he did so an arm went around him and pulled him back, until their chests were flush together.

There was a searching look in One Eye's eye and Char nodded.

"Yes, I want you…" Char iterated aloud, and it seems that was all that was needed. One Eye's mouth was on his then, devouring him as his hands pulled him impossibly closer. One Eye walked them back towards the fire, and then slowly lowered Char to the soft ground next to it.

Char trembled as One Eye moved over him, settling between his legs until he could feel the growing hardness against his own.

The tension was palpable and Char could be in no doubt how much this feeling, this want, was mutual.

They gazed at each other with undisguised longing as their lips met again, a deeper kiss now. Languid and exploratory. Char circled his arms up around One Eye's neck and held him close as they moved together, from lips to groin, a motion between them. Char wondered if he might come just like this, but the desire to have One Eye inside him was near unbearable. He was wet and aching.

The kiss broke and One Eye kissed down to his throat, pushing aside the collar of Char's shirt. Char wanted to be naked, wanted to feel One Eye against him, but as each moment passed he became ever more desperate. So much so that he let out a needy whine.

One Eye paused and looked at him then, his eye gazing deeply into Char's own.

Breathless, Char pleaded, "please. I want to feel you inside me."

One Eye released something between a grunt and a groan from the back of his throat as he closed his eye and pressed his forehead to Char's. This respite lasted only a moment before One Eye's moved back enough to start working on their clothes. With rough, eager hands and an attempt to be gentle, One Eye pulled apart the laces of Char's britches until they were loose enough to work down. Char lifted his hips to allow it until they were pulled off completely, along with his boots and one sock.

It might seem ridiculous, Char thought - himself naked from the waist down and One Eye from the waist up, but he was too desperate to care. Instead he took his cock in hand and began to stroke it, tugging it towards his belly so that his wet entrance was on full display.

A sight One Eye clearly enjoyed, as he let out a chest-deep rumble, his hands now tearing at his own britches as he eagerly tried to free himself.

He was well endowed, that much was clear even before he was able to tug his britches and underclothes down to his hips. Even before it pressed against Char, sliding against his cock and

folds as he took Char's mouth again.

When One Eye finally pulled back and pressed his cock against Char's slit, Char gasped into the kiss. They both moaned in pleasure as One Eye slid inside, slow and deep until Char was completely full.

"Oh god," Char breathed out the words, and the way One Eye drew back and looked down at him seemed to say he knew that he was Char's first.

They kissed once more, slow but passionate as One Eye filled him over and over, drawing back and pressing forward until they built a steady rhythm. Char's arms were back around One Eye's neck, holding him close. The pressure of their bellies pressed together stroked Char's cock until he was sure he might explode in pleasure.

He could feel himself tightening around One Eye's cock, and clearly One Eye could too as he grunted and pulled him closer, holding him tight as he thrust into him until Char was suddenly, and exquisitely coming between them. His cock spilled over the bellies, and his inner muscles constricted, milking One Eye who then came inside him. All the same he continued to pump into him, thrusting deep and slow until he had emptied everything he had inside Char.

They were both shaking and panting as they lay against each other, One Eye barely holding his weight off Char.

Char felt overwhelmed. Whatever this feeling was - desire, the stirrings of something more. Whatever came next he wanted this man at his side. Always.

Char cupped One Eye's face in his hands and muttered against his lips, "I wish I knew your name. It's like another layer of armour around you."

One Eye moved off Char then, settling on his side as his spend leaked from Char in a way he found unusual but pleasant.

From the ground next to them One Eye picked up a pebble and used it to carve into the compact earth. Some words in a language that wasn't entirely familiar to Char.

He watched the letters as each was revealed, trying to recall his lessons on the written languages of the surrounding kingdoms. He couldn't place which kingdom this was from, but he was sure it was one that had been shown to him.

Char frowned as he tried to read it, "Aden?"

One Eye shook his head with a smile, then leaned in and kissed him deeply.

*

Char had lost count of how many days they had spent in the cavern. With the light from the fire and dull days outside, it was hard to say what time it was. And in truth, he didn't care. He only cared about the arms wrapped around him, holding him close.

One Eye only left his side to gather firewood, hunt and bring back water from the nearby stream. Part of Char never wanted to leave.

If only he could have this life. Just One Eye and the simplicity of what they had here. But, he knew every time he glanced over at the laid out armour, that could not be. He was the rightful heir to the throne, and his uncle was a despot who already made the lives of those in his kingdom worse with each passing month. Char had to reclaim his throne, it was his duty. Running away and hiding was not an option.

It was a cold morning when Char woke again to find One Eye's arms around him, and the fire burning low. But it wasn't the cold that had woken him, he realised, as a shadow fell across him and a man cleared his throat.

"Sir?"

Char scrambled upright and was about to run when One Eye rested a hand on his knee to stop him. With much less urgency, One Eye stood and walked over to the man. Though Char could now make out it was not one man, but a group of men. All in armour but with no weapons drawn.

"By the gods!" The man exclaimed, and Char watched as he greeted One Eye with a clutch of his arm and firm shake. "We thought you were dead, once you were taken prisoner... When we saw the rock overturned at the entrance, we were unsure if it was by accident, or that someone knew our signal."

The man's words trailed off as he studied One Eye more closely in the dim light.

"What have those bastards done to you!"

One Eye shook his head, and then set about a series of mimes that Char had not seen and was perhaps grateful for that. He mimicked having his tongue cut out, his eye taken, being collared and whipped.

There were murmurings amongst the men and One Eye shook his head, as though trying to ask them to stop whatever pity was stirring in them.

Finally, the man turned back to look at Char, having to squint as the embers burned even lower.

"Is that a friend or foe with you?"

One Eye looked back at him and gestured for him to come over to them. Char was not used to taking orders, but he found himself unable to deny One Eye anything. He stood and cautiously walked forward, not missing how the man's eyes went wide.

He started to draw his sword, which caused the others to do the same, but One Eye held up his hands and glared. Whoever these people were, they were also used to being commanded by One Eye. Hesitantly, the swords were pressed back into hilts and the man - the commander - turned back to One Eye.

"He's the Prince of Lamia."

One Eye nodded.

"Your prisoner?" The commander asked, confusion in his tone. The same confusion that Char now felt. Was he in fact One Eye's prisoner and had never realised it? That would account for the man not just deserting him when he could.

One Eye shook his head, and then gestured towards the mouth of the cavern, Char following behind.

In the dull light of a cold day, One Eye was handed parchment and a quill, making quick work of briefing these men. Char moved forward in order to read the words, his heart thundering in his chest at what he might find there, of a cunning plan to capture the future king.

But he could read nothing of the language One Eye wrote in and the only information came from the commander who repeated some parts aloud as he considered them: “the rightful king… Edgar is a usurper. We should inform our King at once.”

There was nothing more, that was mentioned at least. Nothing about the days and nights they had spent together - and Char wasn’t sure if he was glad or wounded by that.

It was indeed colder outside, and Char was thankful when one of the men wrapped a thick cloak around him and led him to a horse. There One Eye reappeared from amongst the small band, still without armour but now also in a heavy cloak. When One Eye mounted the horse, Char waited to be told what to do, but then a firm hand reached down to him and he took it, pulled up into the saddle to sit in front of One Eye, once more back in his arms.

*

The ride was almost a day, and though they might have stopped to rest, instead they continued to push on and on until they were across the wilderness the cavern had bordered, and into a new kingdom. The kingdom of Valhalla.

When they arrived at the castle, the gates opened for the party with no hesitation, and the commander and his men rode ahead. They dismounted quickly at the steps to the Great Hall and left their horses to waiting stable boys.

One Eye did not rush his horse, his hand stroking over Char’s thigh as he still held him tight around his waist.

There was reassurance there, even though Char felt on the brink of something. An anxiety gripping him at being in a rival kingdom, at not knowing what was to become of him. And what if these tender touches were just a ruse and he really was this man’s prisoner. He didn’t know if he’d be more ashamed of how he’d been used or by how heartbroken he’d be.

It was when One Eye finally pulled the horse up to the steps, that Char realised how fearful he was. For whatever came next, and for losing what this was. He had never before met anyone who had treated him as something so precious and yet at once so normal. There was respect but no subjugation to him, no defference.

It was something he would miss, should it come to an end.

The next few minutes were a blur of activity as they found themselves at the doors to the throne room, able to overhear the commander.

“My King, your brother Odin, has been found.”

Char blinked at the words, and he felt One Eye’s hand squeeze his before he let him go and then began to walk into the room. There were gasps and happy murmurs as he strode past the people, the

king rising to his feet.

“Brother,” his look of joy turned to one of horror as One Eye grew closer. Char could read every line on his face as he took in the haphazardly shorn hair, the blinded and scarred eye. Char could only imagine the man he had been the last time the King had seen him.

The King who now stepped down from his throne and met his brother with a solemn embrace. There were words uttered against One Eye’s ear that Char was too far removed to hear.

All the same, it was clear when the King realised his brother was no longer in possession of a tongue. Then all could hear his words as they boomed through the great hall.

“Who did this to you? I will have them hunted and brought before me. There will be no mercy.”

Char almost cowered, such was the man’s tone, but he also wanted the same as the King. He wanted there to be no mercy for those who had harmed the man who had become so dear to him in so short a time. So instead he found himself joining the murmurs of agreement around the room from nobles and subjects alike.

“Come,” the King said, taking One Eye’s arm, but One Eye stood fast. Not allowing himself to be led away. Instead he turned back and looked at Char, his gaze intense as he held out his hand. The King was looking at him now too and he could only imagine what he saw. A young man who had been living in a cave, he certainly was the least turned out he’d ever been.

All the same, Char accepted the invitation and allowed himself to be taken, amongst rumblings of speculation, to the adjoining private room.

*

Whilst Odin had been wearing an eyepatch for some months, he had taken it off before they rode out. The sight brought a smile to Char’s face. He looked fearsome, which was of course the point. All the same, to Char he looked beautiful. His armour had been polished at the outset, but now after these long days it was tarnished, the blood barely wiped from it. He would have it that way until the end, Char knew. He knew so much about this man now. And so much about what was to come.

He had every faith in the future they had planned.

This would be the final battle, that much he was sure of. With the help of the Kingdom of Valhalla he had already retaken much of his own kingdom back from Edgar and now, this morning, they rode on the capital with a combined army at their backs.

Soon he would be king and Odin would sit beside him, and the seed within his belly would be born the heir of Lamia. At the thought he leaned over from his saddle, and Odin responded in kind, meeting in the middle between their horses. They shared a quick, soft kiss, knowing that before nightfall everything would be right in their world.

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